WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, April 16, 1803. [No. 28.

THE INDIANS.

A TALE.

MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety; and her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

"When will he return!" she said, "my beloved Oneyo! the husband of my affections! How I long to behold him! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore; restore him to my tender embrace. O! when shall I behold him? When will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the hero to his gladsome isle? Yes, thou happy isle! thy rocks, thy resounding glades, and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village. The elders shall come forth to receive him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me! peradventure he hath perished! or now expires in some bloody field! Impetuous in his valor, and eager in the ardor of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, and falls!"

While Marano thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable Ononthio was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village. He was the father of Oneyo, one of the elders of the nation, revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth, and active, in his old age he was vigorous and cheerful. The furrows on his brow were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano with the affection of a father. "Be comforted," he said; "give not thy soul to despondency. The Great Spirit who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder, the Father and Governor of all things will protect thee. But to merit his favor be resigned to his will. It is impious to anticipate misery, and render ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted: yet, capricious inconsistent mortals, timid at once and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to themselves, and arrogantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Almighty Spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without actual cause, you rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy; he is ever offended with our disobedience; but if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying your own tranquility, you are no less an enemy to the general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the peace of another. Be comforted. Oneyo may soon return, loaded with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the gallant warriors of France."

"To see my husband return in safety," she replied, "is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy." The Indian seemed astonished. "Have you forgotten," continued she, "that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father's house, when the Outagami ravaged our land, and carried terror to the very gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child, but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time, many years are elapsed; yet at the name of Briton, my bosom glows with peculiar transport."

"I fondly imagined," answered the Indian, "that you loved us. We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter, but, Marano, you would leave me." Uttering these words he looked tenderly upon her. "You would leave me" he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was affected. She clasped his hand, and pressed it to her rosy lips. "No, I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved Oneyo's. I revere

thee. Can I forget thy compassion? —Can I forget the dreadful day when the Outagami, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their god Areskoui. You was present on an embassy from your people. Oneyo, in the bloom of early years, had accompanied his father. He was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. Oneyo entreated you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me and called me yours. Oneyo hastened to my deliverance; he loosened my fetters, and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years: you beheld it with kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of European refinements, of costly raiment and lofty palaces; yet to me the simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am undone. Many moons have arisen since with the flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons are already wailing for their sons.—Ah me! if thy son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee; I know the tenderness of thy affection, it will pull thee down to the grave. Who then will be a comforter to me? Who will be my friend? Among a strange people I have no father to protect me, no brother to counsel and give me aid."

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighboring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh: but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. "If my son hath fallen, he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times, rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged." "He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered, after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe; they have brought captives to our islands: the elders of the nation are now assembled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead, and defer their execution only till your arrival." "Alas!" said Marano, "the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband? or heal his ghastly wounds? or reanimate his breathless bosom? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the desarts, in some blissful valley, where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I will not live." She entreated in vain: the Indian was urgent, and Ononthio seconded the solicitation.

The nation of Indians of which Oneyo was a leader, inhabited an island in the lake Ontario. Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream issuing from a rock, and running through a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars, embellished with quaint devices and the parade of masonry, lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes or palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians, and soldiers. The young men of the nation, in the prime of health and vigor. were usually engaged in the chace. Their principal business was to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend them against any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprise, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medical herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of wampum. These, according as the colors were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labor, danger, and fatigue; and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chace, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The elders of the village, who were promoted to authority, not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the centre of the village, and deliberated beneath a venerable oak.

In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy, and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate, and inured to labor, they were brave, vigorous and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

To be continued.

An interesting account of the Life of the princess Wolfenbuttel of Russia.

A very singular character who resided at Mauritius.

CHARLOTTE Christina Sophia de Wolfenbuttel, wife of czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter the first, czar of Muscovy, and sister of the empress of Charles VI. was born the 26th of August 1694. This princess, though possessed of beauty, grace and virtue, in a very high degree, became an object of aversion to her husband; a man of a most ferocious and savage character.—He had several times attempted to poison her, when she was saved by counteracting medicines.

At length he gave her such a violent kick on her belly, when she was eight months advanced in her pregnancy, that she fell senseless on the floor, which was soon encrimsoned with her blood. Peter the first was then engaged in one of his journies. His son, having every reason to believe that his unfortunate princess would not recover, set off immediately for his country-house.

The countess of Konismarck, mother of marshal de Saxe, attended on the princess when she was brought to bed of a dead child, and nursed her with unceasing care; being sensible, however, if the princess recovered, that she would perish, sooner or later, from the brutal nature of the czarovitz, formed a plan to gain over the women belonging to the princess, to declare that she and the infant were both dead. The czarovitz accordingly ordered her to be interred without delay, and without ceremony. Couriers were dispatched to the czar to inform him of the event, and all the courts of Europe put on mourning for the bundle of sticks which was interred!

In the mean time the princess, who had been removed to a retired spot, recovered her health and strength; when possessed of some jewels, with a sum of money which the countess of Konismarck had procured for her, and clothed in the dress of common life, she set off for Paris, accompanied by an old German domestic, who passed for her father. She made but a short stay there, and having hired a female servant, proceeded to a sea-port, and embarked for Louisiana.

Her figure attracted the notice of the inhabitants, and an officer of the colony, named D'Auband, who had been in Russia, recollected her.

It was, however, with some difficulty that he could pursuade himself of the reality of what he saw. Indeed it was scarce possible to believe, that a woman in such a situation, could be the daughter-in-law of the czar Peter.

However, to ascertain the truth, he offered his services to the pretended father, and at length formed an intimate friendship with him; so that they agreed to furnish a house, and live together at their common expence.

Some time afterwards the gazettes, which arrived in the colony, announced the death of the czarovitz. D'Auband then declared to the princess his knowledge of her, and offered to abandon every thing to conduct her to Russia.

But she, finding herself infinitely more happy than when she was within the verge of royalty, refused to sacrifice the tranquility of her obscure situation, for all that ambition could offer her. She only exacted a promise from D'Auband to maintain the most inviolable secrecy, as well as conduct himself towards her as he had hitherto done.

He made the most solemn declaration that he would obey her commands; and it became his interest to be faithful. The beauty, understanding, and virtues of the princess, had made a very deep impression on him, and habitual intercourse had served to strengthen it. He was amiable and young, and she was not insensible to his attentions. They continued, however, to live in their usual way, but became every day dearer to each other.

The old domestic, who passed for the father of the princess, at length died; and she could no longer, according to the rules of decorum, live with D'Auband as she had hitherto done, under the apparent authority and protection of a parent. In this delicate situation, D'Auband unfolded to her the dispositions and sentiments of his heart; and proposed to add a new veil to her real condition, by becoming her husband. She consented to his proposition; and this princess, who had been destined to wear the crown of Russia, and whose sister actually wore that of the German empire, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. In the first year of her marriage she had a daughter, whom she nursed and educated herself, and instructed in the French and German languages.

They had lived ten years in this happy state of mediocrity, when D'Auband was attacked by the fistula; and his wife, alarmed at the danger which generally attends the operation necessary for the cure of that disorder, insisted that it should be performed at Paris.

They accordingly sold their habitation, and embarked in the first vessel that sailed for France. On their arrival at Paris, D'Auband was attended by the most skilful surgeons; and till his cure was completed, his wife never quitted him for a moment, nor suffered any other person to perform the tender offices which were necessary in his situation; she waited upon him throughout his illness with the most watchful and patient affection. On his recovery, D'Auband, in order to secure to her the little fortune he possessed, solicited from the French East India Company, an employment in the isle of Bourbon, where he was appointed major.

While he was engaged in soliciting this business, his wife sometimes went to take the air with her daughter in the gardens of the Thuilleries. One day as she was sitting upon a bench, and talking with her daughter in German, that she might not be understood by those who were near her, marshal de Saxe passed by, and hearing two ladies speak in his own tongue, stopped to look at them. The mother lifting up her eyes, and recollecting the marshal, instantly threw them to the ground; when he, still more attracted by her embarrassment, suddenly exclaimed, "Is it possible, madam!—" She did not, however, permit him to finish the sentence, but rising from the seat, begged him to accompany her to a more retired part of the garden, where she acknowledged herself; and, after having requested his entire secrecy, invited him to see her at her own habitation, when she would inform him of every thing which concerned her.

On the following day marshal de Saxe paid her a visit, and heard the recital of her adventures, as well as the

share which the countess of Konismarck, his mother, had in them. She conjured him, at the same time, not to reveal any thing respecting her to the king, till a negociation which her husband was agitating was concluded, and which would be completed in three months. The marshal solemnly promised to comply with her request, and paid his visits to her and her husband in the most secret manner.

The three months being almost expired, the marshal, on calling to see her, was informed that she and her husband had quitted Paris two days before, and that M. D'Auband had been named to a majority in the isle of Bourbon.

On this information, the marshal went immediately to Versailles, to give an account to the king of every thing that related to the princess; when his majesty sent for the minister of marine, M. de Machault, and without assigning any reason, ordered him to write to the governor of the isles of Mauritius and Bourbon, to treat M. D'Auband with every possible mark of distinction; which order was punctually executed; according to the report of baron Grant, who had been a long time in her society; and remarks as an extraordinary circumstance, that he had seen that princess pregnant when she was upwards of fifty, about the year 1745. The king also wrote to the queen of Hungary, with whom he was then at war, to inform her of the fortune and situation of her aunt. The queen accompanied her letter of thanks to the king, with one to the princess, in which she invited her to come and reside with her; but on condition that she would quit her husband and daughter, for whom the king engaged to make a suitable provision. The princess did not hesitate a moment to refuse these conditions, and remained with her husband till the year 1747, when he died.

Being a widow, and without children, she returned to Paris, and took up her abode at the Hotel de Peru. Her design was to retire to a convent; but the queen of Hungary offered to fix her at Brussels, with a pension of 20,000 florins; but (adds the writer of these memoirs) I am ignorant whether she went to reside there; but this I know, that within these six years she was at Vitry, where she lived in a very recluse manner, with no more than three servants, one of whom was a Negro. She was then called Madame de Moldack; but I know not who M. de Moldack was, and when she married him. She is now a widow; I saw her as she was taking a walk, in the year 1768*.

* This last account was written in 1771.

MALE AND FEMALE.

[*From Lavater's Essays on Physiognomy.*]

IN general (for I neither can nor will state any thing but what is most known) how much more pure, tender, delicate, irritable, affectionate, flexible and patient, is woman than man.

The primary matter of which they are constituted, appears to be more flexible, irritable, and elastic than that of man.

They are formed to maternal mildness and affection; all their organs are tender, yielding, easily wounded, sensible, and receptible.

Among a thousand females, there is scarcely one without the generic feminine signs; the flexible, the circular, and the irritable.

They are the counterpart of man, taken out of man, to be subject to man; to comfort him like angels, and to lighten his cares. "She shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith, and charity, and holiness, with sobriety." (1 Timothy ii. 15.)

This tenderness, this sensibility, this light texture of their fibres and organs, this volatility of feeling, render them so easy to conduct and to tempt; so ready of submission to the enterprise and power of the man; but more powerful through the aid of their charms than man, with all his strength. The man was not first tempted, but the woman, afterward the man by the woman.

And, not only easily to be tempted, she is capable of being formed to the purest, noblest, most seraphic virtue; to every thing which can deserve praise or affection.

Highly sensible of purity, beauty and symmetry; she does not always take time to reflect on internal life, internal death, internal corruption. "The womon saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, and she took of the fruit thereof." (Genesis iii. 6.)

The female thinks not profoundly; profound thought is the power of the man.

Women feel more. Sensibility is the power of woman.

They often rule more effectually, more sovereignly, than man. They rule with tender looks, tears and sighs; but not with passion and threats; for if, or when they so rule, they are no longer women; but abortions.

They are capable of the sweetest sensibility, the most profound emotion, the utmost humility, and the excess of enthusiasm.

In their countenance are the signs of sanctity and inviolability, which every feeling man honors, and the effects of which are often miraculous.

Therefore, by the irritability of their nerves, their incapacity for deep enquiry and firm decision, they may easily from their extreme sensibility, become the most irreclaimable, the most rapturous enthusiasts.

Their love, strong and rooted as it is, is very changeable; their hatred almost incurable, and only to be effaced by continued and artful flattery. Men are most profound; women are more sublime.

Men most embrace the whole; women remark individually, and take more delight in selecting the minutiæ which form the whole. Man hears the bursting thunder, views the destructive bolt with serene aspect, and stands erect amidst the fearful majesty of the streaming clouds.

Woman trembles at the lightning, and the voice of distant thunder; and shrinks into herself, or sinks into the arms of man.

Man receives a ray of light single, woman delights to view it through a prism in all its dazzling colors. She contemplates the rainbow as the promise of peace; he extends his enquiring eye over the whole horizon.

Woman laughs, man smiles: woman weeps, man remains silent. Woman is in anguish when man weeps, and in despair when man is in anguish; yet has she often more faith than man.

Man without religion is a diseased creature, who would persuade himself he is well and needs not a physician; but woman without religion, is raging and monstrous.

A woman with a beard, is not so disgusting as a woman who acts the free-thinker; her sex is formed to piety and religion; to them Christ first appeared;

but he was obliged to prevent them from too ardently, and too hastily, embracing him.——Touch me not.——They are prompt to receive and seize novelty, and become its enthusiasts.

The whole world is forgotten in the emotion caused by the presence and proximity of him they love.

They sink into the most incurable melancholy, as they also rise to the enraptured heights.

Male sensation is more imagination, female more heart.

When communicative, they are more communicative than man; when secret, more secret.

In general they are more patient, long suffering, credulous, benevolent and modest.

Woman is not a foundation on which to build. She is the gold, silver precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; (1 Cor. iii. 12.) the materials for building on the male foundation. She is the leaven, or, more expressively, the oil, to the vinegar of man: the second part of the book of man.

Man singly, is but half man; at least but half human.—A king without a kingdom. Woman, who feels properly what she is, whether still or in motion, rests upon the man: nor is man what he may and ought to be, but in conjunction with woman; therefore "It is not good that man should be alone, but that he should leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh."

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

Concluded.

Women.——Women compose the world's necessary half. Their destination is, to please, to be lovely, and to be loved. Those who do not love them are yet more blameable than those who love them too much. There is no definition can reach them. Every man's experience must be his interpreter of them; but this may be said with great justice of them, that far the greatest part of them incite their lovers to all that is virtuous and honorable. No woman worth loving ever loved a coward or an abject villain. It is generally the fault of the men when a commerce with them becomes pernicious or dishonorable.

Fortune.—A man of fortune. When a wise, worldly-minded mother makes use of this expression, in an emphatic tone, to a daughter whom she is going to sacrifice to a sordid consideration of interest and maintenance, it means, that the man is worth nothing but his fortune. It strictly implies, by the rule of never calling a man by an inferior title when he has an higher one, that he is not a man of worth, of honor, of virtue, of fine sense, but merely a man of fortune; a man of chance, one who would not, in short, have been a man in any sense but as made such by fortune. A gambler may, also, with great propriety, be called a man of fortune.

Fribble.—This word signifies one of those ambiguous animals who are neither male nor female; disclaimed by his own sex, and the scorn of both. There is ever a silly insipid simper in their countenances. Without any of the good qualities of their own sex, they affect all the bad ones, all the impertinencies and follies of the other; whilst what is no more than ridiculous, and sometimes even a grace in the women, is nauseous and shocking in them. A wretch of this no-species loves mightily the company of the ladies, that he may come in for a share of the amusements that are going on amongst them, and which are more to his taste than manly employments or exercise. He even endeavors to make himself necessary to them; combs their lap-dogs, fancies their ribands, recommends the best scented powder, and loves to be consulted in the cut of their cap, their tea, and the placing their China baubles: helps them in their fillagree or shell-work. They are great critics of dress, and the assortment of colors; can tell which will suit a complexion, and which not. One of them can pronounce emphatically, that yellow does not become a fair one, because that color is not sufficiently contrasted to that of her skin. That, on the other hand, an olive beauty does not agree with a brownish light grey, because of the too great opposition of this color to that of her hair and eye-brows, which will therefore appear harsh. That a yellow, a lemon, a pale, or straw color, should be avoided by the fair-complexioned; and the sky blue, the light green, or black, by the brown; with other decisions of the like importance. Some of them, too, have their toilettes, and wash in three waters. One would think, in short, that these equivocal animals imitated the women, out of complaisance to them, that they might have the higher opinion of their own sex, from seeing that there were men who endeavored to come as near it as possible. But so far are they from succeeding, that they disfigure the graces, caricature the faults, and have none of the virtues of that amiable sex.

ANECDOTES.

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why, I'll tell you, (replies the Quack) in the neck there is two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink, it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor, (says the patient) *seems to me, that clapper must play d——n sharp when we eat pudding and milk!*" [*Troy Gaz.*

A widow lady it is said resides at present in the borough of Southwark, in England, whose first husband was a *butcher*, the second a *tanner*, and her last a *shoemaker*. The *butcher* almost starved her, the *tanner* used to hide her, and the *shoemaker* used to make her go barefooted!

A clergyman, some time since, rather hurried while reading the funeral service over a corpse, when he came to the words "this our beloved brother, &c." forgot whether the deceased had been man or woman. Turning, therefore, to one of the mourners, who happened to be an Hibernian, he asked him, "Is this a *brother* or a *sister?*"—"Neither one or the other," replied Pat, it was only an *acquaintance!*

The Bishop of Soisons, when once attending the levee at court, entered into conversation with a young gentleman whom he did not know, and among other questions asked him, if he knew who was that fat sow that just came in. "Sir," said the lad, "that fat sow is wife to the Swedish ambassador, and mother to the little pig that has the honor of speaking to your grace."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 16, 1803.

SYMPTOMS OF WAR IN EUROPE

Captain Sterling, of the Ship Mercury, who arrived on Thurſday evening, in 31 days from Liverpool, informs, that on the 10th of March, the day of his ſailing, an expreſs had arrived from London with orders for an immediate impreſſment of every ſeaman in the port of Liverpool, in conſequence of which, every outward bound merchantman was inſtantly ſtripped of all their hands. A preſs boat came along ſide the Mercury, but did not moleſt her.—Capt. S. ſaw a boat with a preſs-gang on board, in chaſe of a Dublin packet, outward bound, but did not overtake it. Impending war was the general rumor of the day, in conſequence, as was ſuggeſted, of ſome difference between England and France, with reſpect to the ſurrender of Malta. A London paper of the 8th of March mentions the depreſſion of the price of Stocks, and ſpeaks confidently of an approaching change of miniſtry.

The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. GASCOIGNE, Member of Parliament from Liverpool, to the Mayor of that city:

London, March 8, 6 P. M.

Dear Sir,

War is expected—a meſſage this day from the King to the Houſe to that tendency—Militia expected to be called to guard againſt invaſion—Stocks down 4 per cent—Mr. Pitt it is ſuppoſed will return ſoon to power. I have time to add no more, it being 6 o'clock.

J. GASCOIGNE.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 22 persons during the week ending on the 10th inst. viz. of Consumption 2—Dropsy 1—Gun-shot wounds 4—and 15 of diseases not mentioned. 14 were adults, and 8 children.

Elizabethtown, April 5.

On Tuesday last, two teams were coming into town from the point, the one driven by Mr. Joseph Denman, of this county, the other by a Mr. Powell, from Sussex, in the employ of Major Elias Ogden; Denman attempted to pass Powell, which occasioned (as is often the case) a start of both teams under the whip; their wheels in contact for some distance.—Denman finally run Powell's team out of the road upon a bank, in consequence of which the horses were knocked down, the waggon upset, and Powell killed on the spot! Denman, together with a person in the waggon with him, were bound over: the coroners sat over the body of the deceased, whose opinions were, *accidental death.*

The following evening, (as report says) Mr. Abner Wade, a middle aged man, who has left a wife and family, drank off a quart of rum at a draught; whether the circumstance was owing to a propensity to this all-destroying demon, or whether by reason of a wager, we know not; the consequence, however, was, he was found lifeless next morning.

Several mad dogs have lately appeared at Franckfort and other places in Kentucky. In Gerrard county, it is said, seven persons in one family have been bitten, with one of which symptoms of hydrophobia have appeared.

By the French Brig L'Amitie, capt. Bois-Homase, arrived at Norfolk on the 17th inst, in 14 days from Cape Francois, we learn that 12000 troops had arrived there: and that after garrisoning the Cape, the remainder proceeded to Port Republicain, which is to be the head quarters for the ensuing four months.

STAGE-COACH COURTSHIP.

The following singular circumstance has occurred since the commencement of the present year:—A gentleman in Leeds being called by business to Sheffield, stepped into a stage coach at Barnsely, where he accidentally met with a lady, a perfect stranger to him. Before they arrived at their destination, however, he had made such good use of his time as to prevail on the complying fair to become his wedded wife—A licence was procured, and the votaries of Hymen presented themselves before his shrine. The ceremony being over, the enamored pair past the first night at an inn; in the morning the lady was introduced to her husband's house, where she had not been long before *another* lady appeared, and, at her heels four fine chubby children: some embarrassment necessarily arose, and it was not lessoned when the *wives* explained their musual claims upon this all-conquering *Adonis*; who, it seems, had either totally forgotten when he left home, that he had already a pretty numerous domestic establishment, or had a wish to enjoy Mahomet's heaven by anticipation.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

Examination or analysis of the last new Comedy of the BLIND BOY *continued.*

Act 3d, commences with the rejection of a ring and portrait sent to *Isabella* by *Montefogo*; immediately after which, a woman is introduced who declares herself to be the wife of *Felix Ricardo*, who has deserted her and her child, leaving them to starve. *Isabella* is much shocked, and dismisses the stranger with the injunction to let her see the child of *Ricardo*; first giving her a ring as the only means she possesses of administering to her necessities. *Isabella* being left alone, the authors puts the following beautiful lines in her mouth, "O now I feel that it is esteem alone which can form a bond of union for the soul. Love only lends a coloring to the substance which unites the virtuous. The colors may fade and the bond remain uninjured, but cruel indeed is the blow that rends it asunder." A passage which we venture to pronounce eminently beautiful for its moral truth, correctness of imagery, and happiness of expression.

While *Isabella* is pondering upon her forlorn and unprotected state, *Major Sydenham* enters, determined to avow his matrimonial intentions; which he does in a manner productive of much laughter and more pleasure; but when he thinks that he has gained the prize, he finds that he is the rival of his friend and benefactor, *Felix Ricardo*, who has been calumniated to his mistress; with generous indignation the philanthropic soldier defends his friend, and yields up his pretensions. Every part of this scene is energetic, and the part of the Major, replete with whim, humor, feeling and wit. The act concludes with a short scene between the *Major* and *Montefogo*, by which we understand that *Ricardo*'s essay has been presented by the latter as his own, and that he expects promotion from the approbation it has received. This the *Major* determines to counteract, that "folly and vice may not enjoy the fruits of virtuous industry:" and *Montefogo* proceeds to *Don Gaspar's* to break off the marriage with *Isabella*, according to promise.

Act 4th, commences with a scene between *Montefogo* and *Donna Margaretta*. *Santoldo* afterwards appears and proposes as the reward for restoring *Pedro* to sight, that he shall receive *Isabella*'s hand in marriage: this stipulation is agreed to, and the act concludes with a scene between him and *Isabella*, in which he makes himself known.

The curtain draws to begin the fifth act, and discovers *Pedro* surrounded by his relations, *Santoldo* standing by him, having performed the operation and tied a bandage over his eyes. On removing the bandage, the blind boy sees and recognizes his friends. *Santoldo* now demands *Isabella*'s hand, declaring himself as *Ricardo*, on which *Donna Margaretta* retracts her consent: but on learning afterwards that his essay had gained him the favor of the king, she consents to the union. A charming scene takes place between *Pedro* and *Frederica*, which our limits will not permit us to detail. The piece concludes with the union of *Ricardo* and *Isabella*, and *Pedro* and *Frederica*; the *Major* being obliged to content himself with the state of bachelorship.

An Epilogue of some point, was spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Hallam, and received with great applause.

MONDAY, April 11.

PIZARRO, altered from Kotzebue by W. Dunlap, and THE JUBILEE, D. Garrick.

TUESDAY, April 12.

BLUE BEARD, G. Colman the younger, and NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS, from the French by Mrs. Inchbald.

WEDNESDAY, April 13.

BLIND BOY, (3d time) and VILLAGE LAWYER.

Mrs. Gannet, a lady who during the revolutionary war served honorably as a soldier for several years, and bears the most flattering testimonies of her exemplary conduct from the officers who commanded the corps she belonged to, attempted to deliver an *ADDRESS*; but was insulted and obliged to leave the stage! *So much for Patriotism!*

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, April 18th, *will be presented*,

A Comic Opera, called,

The Spanish Barber,

OR, FRUITLESS PRECAUTION.

Translated from the French

By Mr. Colman.

To which will be added,

A Tale of Mystery:

A MELO-DRAME.

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSION

3 or 4 parsons full of October;
3 or 4 squires, between drunk and sober;
3 or 4 lawyers, 3 or 4 liars;
3 or 4 constables, 3 or 4 cryers;
3 or 4 parishes bringing appeals;
3 or 4 writings, and 3 or 4 seals;
3 or 4 statutes, misunderstood;
3 or 4 paupers, all praying for food;
3 or 4 roads, that never were mended;
3 or 4 scolds—and the session is ended.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

At Flushing, (L. I.) on Friday evening last week, Mr. Joseph Willets, to Mrs. Abigail Lyon.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. William Morgan, to Miss Anne Ruckel, both of this city.

At Stratford, Thomas Ives, esq. of this city, to Mrs. Dorothy Brooks, of Stratford.

At Providence, (R. I.) Caleb B. Bowering, merchant, to Miss Maria M'Lean, both of this city.

At Bellair, Ontario County, William Howe Cuyler, esq. to Miss Eleanor Shekell.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Thomas Richards, to Miss Mary Bancker, both of this city.

On Tuesday, William Allen, esq. to Miss Verplank.

On Tuesday last, John H. Holthuysen, merchant, to Miss Maria C. Clarkson, daughter of David M. Clarkson, esq.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Samuel Romaine, to Miss Elizabeth Covenhoven, both of this city.

Deaths.

On Monday morning, Mr. Michael Brooks.

At Tiverton, on the 26th ult. Mr. Stephen Cook, aged 100 yrs. and 13 days. It is worthy of remark, that he never drank a dish of tea or coffee.

At Hanover, Mr. Josiah Smith, aged 63, (late representative to Congress from Massachusetts,) of the small-pox, which he took at N. York, on his way home.

At Utica, Mrs. Frances Bainbridge, wife of Dr. Bainbridge.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

TO ELIZA.

TELL me Eliza, tell me why
Thy face is clad in gloom;
Why heaves thy bosom with a sigh,
Or where's thy native bloom?

Has some false-hearted swain profess'd
For thee a faithful love?
Thy gentle heart has he possess'd,
And left thee, then, to rove?

Or has affection warm combin'd
Thy tender heart with one
Of noble, pure, and gen'rous mind,
That death has seiz'd too soon?

No more thy breast let sighs corrode,
Nor tears thy face deform,
EDWIN shall lead to seats of love—
EDWIN shall shield from ev'ry harm.

EDWIN.

FOR THE VISITOR.

SONNET TO CUPID.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ******, BROADWAY.

ROSY boy I own thy pow'r,—
Enthron'd thou sitt'st in ****'s eye,
Thy joys, thy pains, alike I feel—
The rapt'rous gaze—the anxious sigh.

Yet since my conqueror thou art,
Exert thy sway o'er her I love;
Oh! bid thy sweetly thrilling dart
That breast so fair to pity move.

For cold and pure as Scythia's snow,
The maid submits not to thy pow'r;
Dreams not of pangs which lovers know,
But gaily spends the laughing hour.

Oh! grant the boon that heart to gain,
Compar'd to which all gifts are vain.

W. S.

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO THE MEMORY OF MICHAEL BROOKS.

COME gentle pity, drop the tainted tear
O'er *Brooks*'s urn, whose name was ever dear
To all who worth approv'd or merit knew—
The world he's left, and join'd the happy few.

Brooks has gone to celebrate above,
In higher strains, a feast of endless love.
O cruel death! why didst thou fix thy dart
In such a worthy, such a gen'rous heart!

The poor he help'd—the sick his aid receiv'd—
His hand was open, and he freely gave
Of what kind heav'n bestow'd on him, a part,
To cheer th' oppress'd and raise the drooping heart.

The loss we've met with we shall ne'er retrieve—
Brooks is dead, why should we longer live.
Reader attend, and copy if you can,
(The noblest work of God) an honest man.

A. M.

TAKE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

YE lasses gay in beauty's bloom
All blithe and debonair,
Think not too boldly I presume,
In warning thus the fair.

When beauty rises to the view,
The men will buz—ne'er doubt it—
This maxim mind—when they pursue—
Take time to think about it.

When ev'ry flatt'ring art they try,
And praise your shape and air—
Your blooming cheek and sparkling eye—
Take heed, dear girls, beware.

The honey of your rosy lip
They'll strive to gain, ne'er doubt it,
Yet ere you let them have a sip,
Take time and think about it.

But when the constant lover woos,
Endow'd with manly sense,
Then listen to his tender vows,
With trifling forms dispense.

He'll scorn to flatter or deceive,
If worthy—never doubt it;
Your hand to such then freely give,
Nor think too long about it.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

MIDAS (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold.
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.

FANCY CHAIRS,
Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-Street.

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Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable,
Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.
Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smouth, 2s.—4s per box.
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.
Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.
Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.
Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.
Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin; these are choice articles, and should be found on every lady's toilet, 2s. 4s. and 8s. each.
With a great assortment of the best kinds of Perfumery and Cosmetics wholesale and retail.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.
Blank Books of every description.
Bibles of every size.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, &c.
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